

#7

\$1.25

STAR REACH



BARRY
SMITH

#7

\$125



© 1977 GBP



7 January 1977
Hayward, CA

I don't have much to say this time around, except to note the decidedly international character of this issue: contributors Satoshi Hirota and Masaichi Mukai from Japan, Dave Sim and Fabio Gabbari from Canada, Barry Smith from England (via New York), Mike Vosburg and Steve Englehart, surely from a space all their own, not to mention Jeff Bonivert from (of all places) Hayward, CA.

I hope you enjoy this issue as much as I enjoyed putting it together.

Mike Friedrich

A new
genre...

The
unique
synthesis
of
underground
and
overground...

GROUND LEVEL COMICS

STAR*REACH #1 - 2 - 5 - 6 - 7	\$1.25 ea.
STAR*REACH #3 - 4	\$1.00 ea.
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP #1	\$.75
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP #2	\$1.00
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP #3	\$1.25
QUACK #1 - 2	\$1.25 ea.

PLEASE ADD 35¢ PER BOOK FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING



STAR*REACH #7 is published by Star*Reach Productions, P.O. Box 385, Hayward, CA 94543; Mike Friedrich, editor and publisher. ©1977 Star*Reach Productions. World Rights Reserved. Cover art ©1977 The Gorblimey Press (Gbp). "The Gods of Mount Olympus: Apollo and Artemis" ©1976 Johnny Achziger and Joe Staton. "Starwalker" ©1977 Mike Vosburg and Steve Englehart. "Headtrips" ©1976 Lee Marrs. "I'm God" ©1977 Dave Sim and Fabio Gabbari. "My Fears" ©1977 Jeff Bonivert. "The Bush" ©1977 Satoshi Hirota and Masaichi Mukai. Address all inquiries c/o Star*Reach Productions.

Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read; warning: no return postage and it'll be trashed.

FIRST PRINTING: January, 1977.

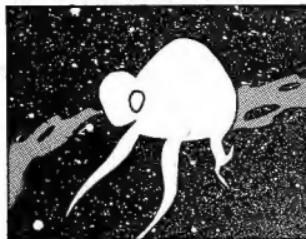
ADDITIONAL COPIES: \$1.25 plus 35¢ postage and handling. Mailed 1st Class. No subscriptions, sorry.

RETAILERS: A list of wholesalers is available. WHOLESALERS: please inquire about our rates.

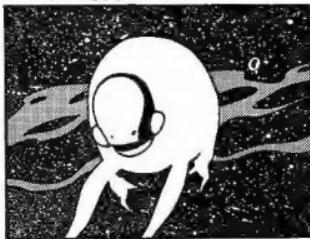
ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

PROLOGUE:

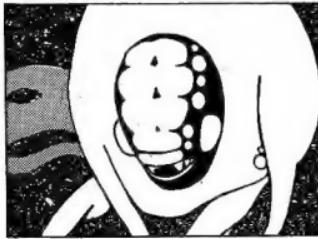
"IT APPEARED PRACTICALLY OUT OF NOWHERE ON THE FORWARD SCREEN... TOO SUDEN FOR ME TO SWERVE OR STOP..."



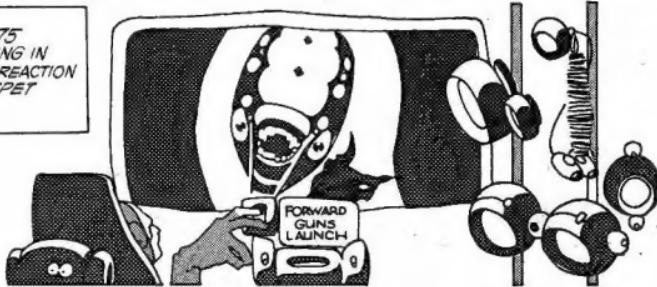
"IT WAS UGLY AS SIN AND, AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, DEAD, OR A REASONABLE FACSIMILE THEREOF..."



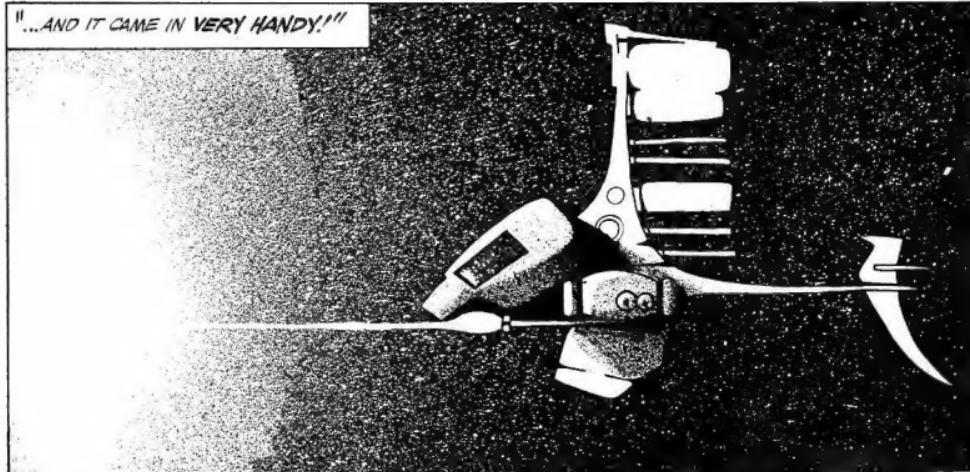
"...WHEN THE MOUTH OPENED IN FRONT OF ME, IT WAS AS IF THE LIGHTS HAD GONE OUT IN CARLSBAD CAVERNS..."



"I HAD HAD A 75 HODGSON RATING IN ACCURACY AND REACTION TIME AT THE ASPET ACADEMY..."

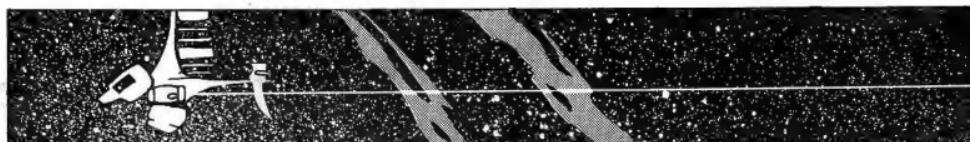


"...AND IT CAME IN VERY HANDY!!!"



"I HAD BEEN PILOTING ONE OF THE MOTHERLOAD PIONEER SHIPS FOR INTERCONTINENTAL FOR FIVE YEARS, SO IT HAD COME AS NO SURPRISE WHEN THE WORD CAME DOWN THAT

I WAS OFF TO INVESTIGATE PLANETARY BODIES IN THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE FOR POSSIBLE SIGNS OF LIFE..."



"I HAD NEVER FOUND, PERSONALLY,
AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS CAPABLE-
OF-SUSTAINING LIFE PLANET....SO

"YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT I FELT LIKE
AS THE PRELIMINARY SURFACE OXYGEN
RATIO READOUT CAME UP PLUS 1.956."

"HELL, THERE WERE ONLY SEVENTEEN KNOWN
LIFE-SUSTAINING MUDBALLS SO FAR, THIS SIDE
OF EARTH PRIME..."

"THERE WAS A STANDING BONUS FROM
INTERCONTINENTAL OF SEVENTEEN HUNDRED
CREDITS FOR FINDING ONE OF THE SUCKERS,
WHICH WOULD EASILY PAY FOR THE TRAUMA
I HAD JUST SUFFERED..."

"...UNTIL I
FOUND THIS
ONE..."

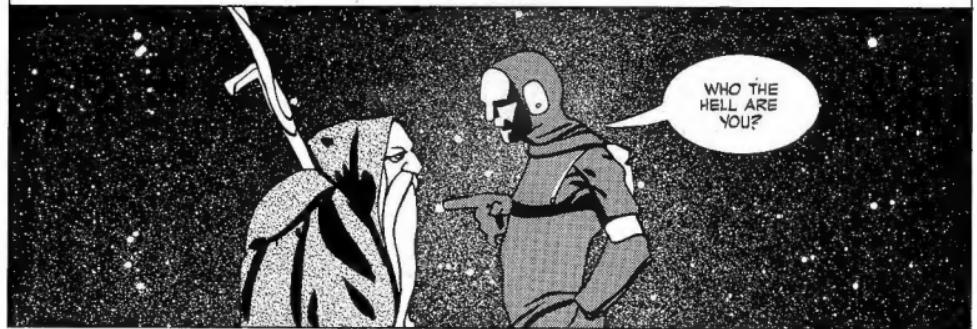
"I WAS PRETTY ANXIOUS JUST TO PLANT
THE FLAG AND GO HOME..."

"...THAT WAS WHEN I SPOTTED THE SHACK..."

"THE FIRST TIME I SAW HIM, HE WAS JUST
STANDING IN FRONT OF THE SHACK, LOOKING
FIT TO CHEW NAILS WHEN HE SAW ME COMING..."

"I KNOW I SHOULD HAVE SAID SOMETHING LIKE 'GREETINGS FROM THE PLANET EARTH,' BUT

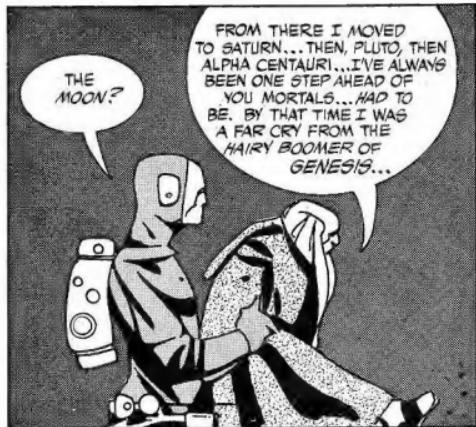
HE LOOKED SO PATHETIC JUST STANDING THERE THAT THE FIRST THING THAT CAME OUT WAS..."

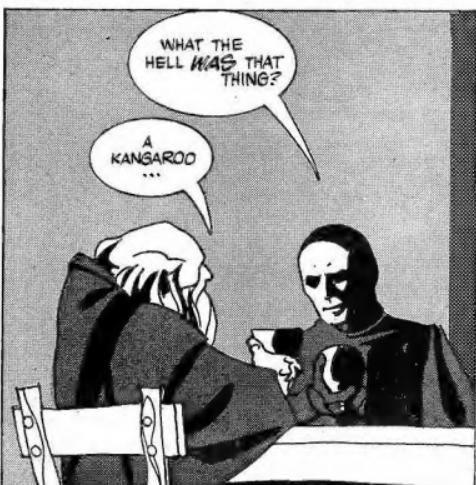
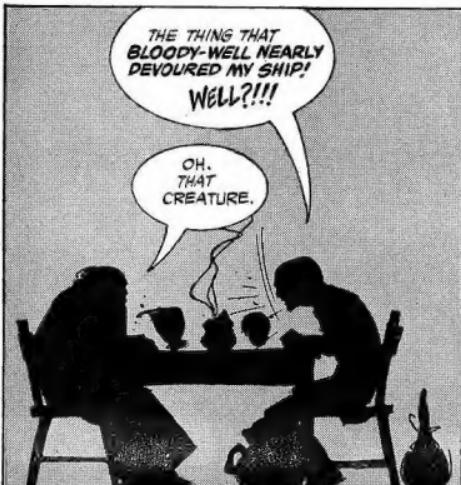
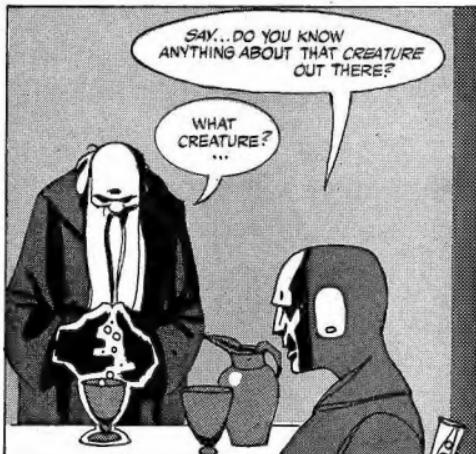
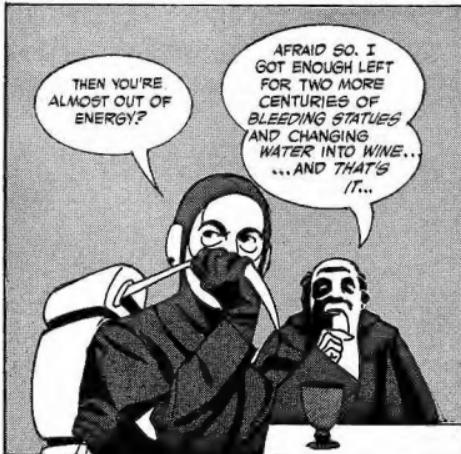


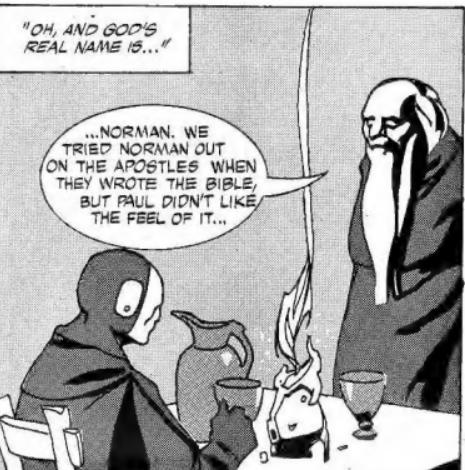
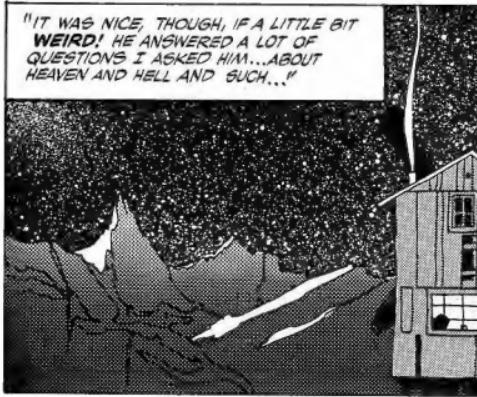
"WELL, NOW... THE LAST PLACE I EXPECTED TO MEET MY MAKER WAS ON A 1:26 R INTERSPACE

MUDBALL, BUT AFTER I STOPPED LAUGHING, I FIGURED I OUGHT TO GET TO KNOW HIM BETTER..."









"...HE SAID, WHEN
YOU'RE COMPETING
WITH JOVE FOR
FOLLOWERS..."

"...NORMAN JUST
DOESN'T
MAKE IT..."



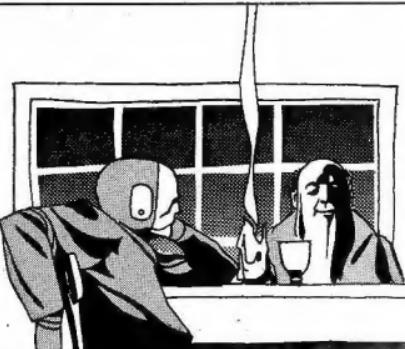
"IT CAME DOWN
TO A CHOICE BETWEEN
GOD AND
... THUNDARR!"

"I GOT
A DISCOUNT
ON ROBES
WITH A "G"
MONOGRAMMED
ON THE
POCKET;
SO WHAT
THE HELL
***"

"I, FOR SURE, HAD A PROBLEM.
I WAS SUPPOSED TO REPORT ANY
INHABITABLE PLANET TO
INTERCONTINENTAL..."

"I WANTED TO BE A NICE GUY
ABOUT IT, BUT, HELL... **SEVENTEEN
HUNDRED CREDITS**, YOU DON'T RUN
ACROSS THAT EVERY DAY."

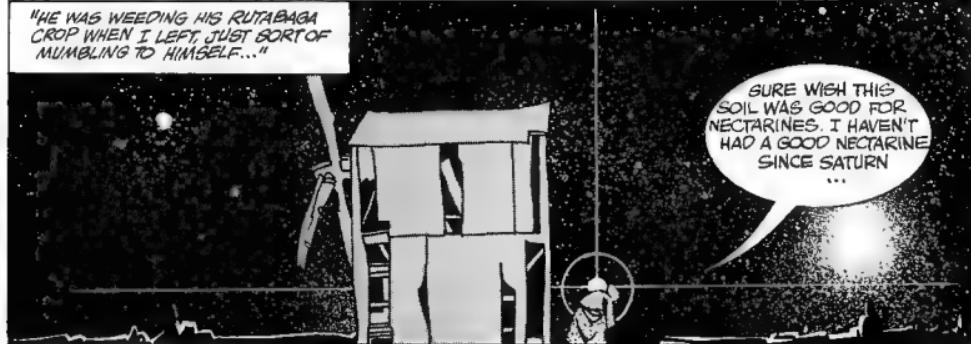
"I JUST KNEW THEY'D HARASS
THE HELL OUT OF THE POOR OLD GUY
IF I BROUGHT HIM BACK... NOT TO
MENTION THE BIG WIG REACTION
AT THE CHURCH INCORPORATED
BUILDING..."



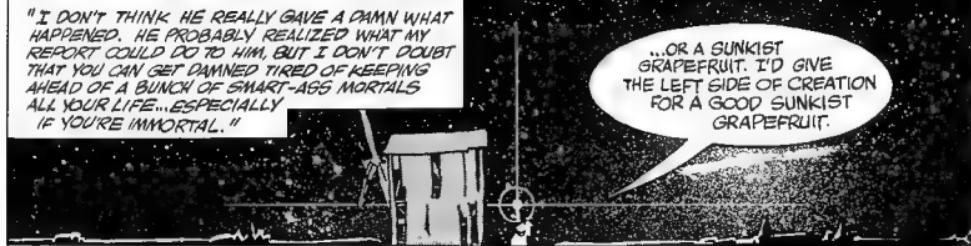
"I'D MADE UP MY MIND JUST AS
THE SUN STARTED COMING UP I
LEFT THE SHACK AND HEADED
BACK TO MY SHIP..."



"HE WAS WEEDING HIS RUTABAGA
CROP WHEN I LEFT, JUST SORT OF
MUMBLING TO HIMSELF..."



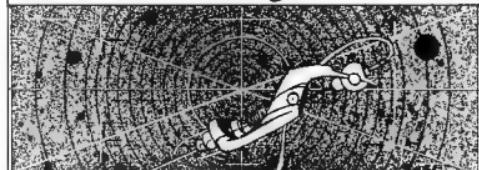
"I DON'T THINK HE REALLY GAVE A DAMN WHAT
HAPPENED. HE PROBABLY REALIZED WHAT MY
REPORT COULD DO TO HIM, BUT I DON'T DOUBT
THAT YOU CAN GET DAMNED TIRED OF KEEPING
AHEAD OF A BUNCH OF SMART-ASS MORTALS
ALL YOUR LIFE...ESPECIALLY
IF YOU'RE IMMORTAL."



"I FILED MY REPORT ON THE PLANET JUST LIKE
I WAS SUPPOSED TO. YOU CAN SEE IT ON
INTERCONTINENTAL CHART GRID NO. 2822076...
JUST DOWN IN THE
LEFT HAND CORNER."



Planet grade A/F14 R 1.97 #2134V...
"Heaven"...uninhabitable...if you find yourself
out that way, wave as you go by...



END

THE HISTORY OF JAPAN BEFORE THE CHINESE SYSTEM OF WRITING WAS INTRODUCED IS THE STUFF OF MYTH AND LEGEND. TALES OF FIRE GODS AND GODDESSES, DEMONS AND GIANT SERPENTS...

CENTURIES LATER THIS AGE ENDED AND MAN DOMINATED THE LAND. THIS TALE I NOW TELL IS SET IN THIS LATTER ERA. THE EARLIER DAYS ARE ALL BUT FORGOTTEN...

.. BUT IT IS A PERIOD WHEN DISPUTES BETWEEN CLANS, MONARCHS AND SPIRITS CONTINUE ENDLESSLY...

YES, THE OLD DAYS ARE NEAR-FORGOTTEN...

BUT ARE THEY TRULY GONE?

THE BU-SHI

BUT LET ME BEGIN...



A LONE FIGURE WALKS AWAY FROM A TEMPLE...



HE SHUDDERS FOR A MOMENT, BUT THEN PRESSES ON...

THEN, ENTERING THE HOLY TEMPLE THE YOUNG WARRIOR KNOWS HE FALLS A FORCE ABLE TO CRUSH HIM INTO DUST... BUT FACE IT HE MUST!

THE HIGH PRIEST SPEAKS.

WELCOME, YOUNG ONE.
YOUR FATE IS
LIVED WITH
MISERY AND
BOWERS.
IS THERE A
WAY I MAY
UNBURDEN YOU?

YES,
YOU
MIGHT
SAY I
HAVE
COME
FOR
YOUR
ADVICE.

"MUST FIRST
RELATE TO
YOU THE TALE
OF MY GREAT
TRAGEDY

MY NAME IS
RYUMA

"TWO NIGHTS AGO I
RODE TO BATTLE
WITH MY FATHER

"WHEN DISASTER
STRUCK!"

OUR FORCES ARE
SURROUNDED,
MY SON!

WE'VE BEEN
TRICKED!

THERE MUST BE A
TRAITOR AMONG US--

OR A
DEMON!

FATHER, LET US
RETREAT
TO THE
HILLS!

WE CAN
WITHSTAND
THEM THERE!

"BUT BEFORE I COULD ANSWER--"

HE WAS DEAD BEFORE
HE HIT THE GROUND...

"I HID THAT NIGHT IN THE
HILLS AND RETURNED
TO MY HOME THE
FOLLOWING DAY ..

"DEATH!"

"MY BROTHER--
MY MOTHER--

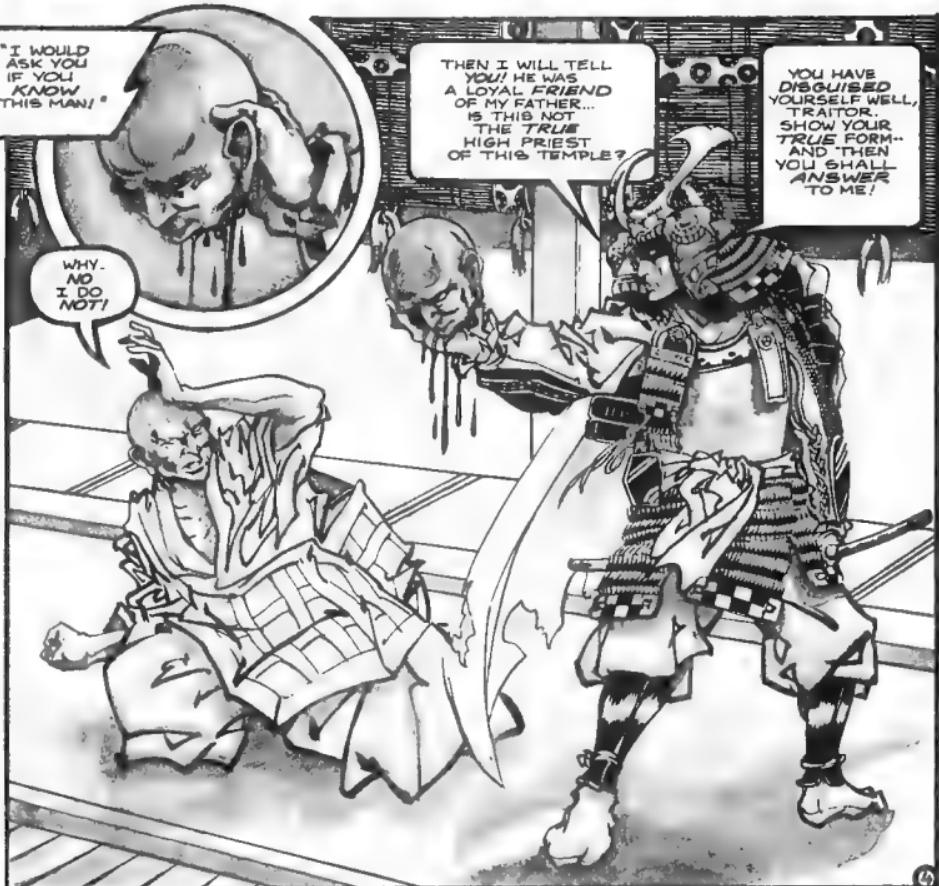
BOTH
DEAD!

"BOTH
SADLY
MURDERED!"

FATHER

"ONLY TO FIND A VISITOR
HAD CALLED .."

E
"I IMMEDIATELY CAME HERE
FOR GUIDANCE .."



NO, YOUNG ONE!
IT IS YOU WHO SHALL...

DIE!

MY FATHER
WAS
RIGHT...

-- A DEMON
WAS BEHIND
THAT
TREACHERY!

BLIT--
HARRY!

HE SERPENT GIVES
NO REPLY, BUT SNAKES
SWIFTLY FORTH
WITH HIS DEATH
AND FANGED TEETH

IN RESPONSE,
THE YOUNG WARRIOR
BELIEFS HIS YOUTH
AND INEXPERIENCE
BY ATTACKING
FASTER THAN
THE DEMON.

-- AND WITH A SWORD
WIELDED IN
MIGHTY HANDS
EASILY CUTS THROUGH
THE FLESH AND BONES

BUT JUST AS THE
DEMON'S VICTORY
IS MADE
CERTAIN

WITHIN RYUMA'S MIND AN ALIEN
VOICE SPEAKS "I AM THE VICTOR!"

"LONG HAVE I BEEN WAITING FOR THIS
MOMENT. HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO
MY RACE AND YOUR FOREFATHERS, THE
MIGHTY GODS RULED THIS LAND.
BUT BEING MORTAL WE ALL PERISHED
BEFORE THE COMING OF MAN..."

IT IS AT THIS INSTANT
THAT THE UNBELIEVABLE
OCCURS!

"ALL THESE YEARS I HAVE BEEN HOPING
THERE LIVES IN THIS NEW WORLD ONE
WITH THE BLOOD OF THE TRUE GODS."

"YOU HAVE THE BLOOD OF THE ANCIENT
RACES. IN YOU RUNS THE VIOLENT
CODE SO SIMILAR TO MY OWN!"

"I HAVE LAIN DORMANT, MY POWERS
FADING, UNTIL I SENSED YOUR
EXISTENCE -- BUT I HAD TO TEST
YOU TO MAKE CERTAIN!"

NOW I KNOW --
YOU
SHALL REVIVE
THE POWER
I ONCE
POSSESSED!

THE SAMURAI'S
LAST THOUGHTS
ARE ON THE
TRAGEDY
OF HIS DEATH...

-- TO BE SELF-SHORN
TO BATTLE DEMONIC FORCES,
ONLY TO FIND
IN SO BATTLING...

SATOSHI HIROTA
SCRIPT
MIKE FRIEDRICH
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE
MARK ALLEN
ARTWORK

HE BECOMES... HA... H... LIGHT!

YES, THE OLD DAYS
ARE NEAR FORGOTTEN
-- BUT ARE THEY
EVER DONE?

END.

THE
GODS OF MOUNT
OLYMPUS
IN ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY



CHAPTER
THREE

©1976 JOHNNY ACHZIGER
and JOE STATON

APOLLO AND
ARTEMIS

PLEASE, HOMER, HONOR US WITH ONE OF YOUR STORIES.

YES, SIR, TELL US OF APOLLO AND ARTEMIS.

AN EXCELLENT CHOICE! THE TWINS, APOLLO AND ARTEMIS, WERE THE GREATEST HUNTERS OF ALL TIME. I SHALL TELL YOU OF SOME OF THEIR EXPLOITS.

THEIR PARENTS WERE MIGHTY ZEUS AND LETO, DAUGHTER OF TITAN. ZEUS COURTED LETO IN THE FORM OF A QUAIL.

WHEN HERA FOUND OUT ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S INFIDELITY, SHE SWEARED HER REVENGE.

ONCE MORE, MY HUSBAND DISHONORS ME! I VOW THAT LETO SHALL WISH SHE NEVER MET ZEUS!



WITH THE AID OF POSEIDON, LETO ESCAPED THE MONSTER AND CAME TO THE ISLAND OF DELOS, WHERE SHE SOON GAVE BIRTH TO ARTEMIS AND APOLLO.



DID I NOT TELL YOU THEY WERE BEAUTIFUL?

INDEED, THEY ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN EVER BORN!

GODS GROW UP FAST AND WHEN HE WAS BUT FOUR DAYS OLD, APOLLO WENT TO HEPHAESTUS FOR WEAPONS.



AND WHAT PRESENTS MAY I GIVE MY WONDERFUL DAUGHTER, ARTEMIS?

I WOULD LIKE A BOW AND ARROW LIKE APOLLO'S, A HUNTING TUNIC AND BOOTS, SIXTY YOUNG OCEAN NYMPHS AS MY ATTENDANTS, AND... ETERNAL VIRGINITY!

CROWN TO MANHOOD,
APOLLO SOUGHT
OUT HIS MOTHER'S
ENEMY,
PYTHON...



"...AND SLEW HIM
WITH ONE OF
HIS SILVER ARROWS.

NOW ROT WHERE
YOU LIE!

Apollo founded an oracle at Delphi where men could come and have their futures foretold.

But one day the giant Tityus caught Leto at a distance from the temple.



COME, BEAUTIFUL
ONE, AND CEASE
YOUR STRUGGLES.
I WILL NOT
HURT YOU.

HELP!
APOLLO!
SAVE
ME!

His mother and sister
soon joined him there
and all were happy...

4 APOLLO AND ARTEMIS RACED
TO THEIR MOTHER'S AID.

FOR HIS CRIME, TITYLUS'
SOUL WAS BANISHED
TO DREAD TARTARUS.

ONE SPRING MORNING...

EROS, YOU ARE SUCH A SILLY CHILD.. PLAYING WITH WEAPONS AS IF YOU WERE A MAN. THESE WERE NOT MEANT FOR THE LIKES OF YOU.

YOU WILL SOON SEE THAT THESE ARE NO ORDINARY ARROWS, IMPUDENT ONE!

EROS' LOVE-ARROW HAD AN IMMEDIATE EFFECT UPON APOLLO WHEN HE SPIED THE NYMPH DAPHNE, A PRIESTESS OF GAEA.

NEVER HAVE I SEEN A MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN! I MUST HAVE HER!

HOWEVER, DAPHNE WAS DETERMINED TO RETAIN HER PURITY AND RAN FROM HIM.

GO AWAY! I WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU!

WAIT! I AM NOT AN ORDINARY MORTAL. I AM APOLLO!

GAEA ANSWERED DAPHNE'S PRAYER BY TRANSFORMING HER INTO A LAUREL TREE!

EVER AFTER, APOLLO WORE A CROWN OF LAURELS IN MEMORY OF DAPHNE.

APOLO SOON FOUND COMFORT IN THE PERSON OF CORONIS.

I MUST GO TO DELPHI FOR A TIME...

BUT I WILL RETURN SOON!

PLEASE DON'T BE LONG!

CORONIS GREW TIRED OF WAITING FOR APOLLO AND, EVEN THOUGH PREGNANT WITH APOLLO'S CHILD, SHE TOOK ANOTHER LOVER.

APON LEARNING OF THIS, APOLLO'S RAGE COULD NOT BE ABATED. HE AND ARTEMIS DISPATCHED THE LOVERS WITHOUT MERCY.

APOLO REGRETTED HIS RASH ACT AND SADLY TOLD THE STORY TO HERMES.

HERMES LEAPED INTO THE FIRE AND RESCUED THE STILL-LIVING CHILD, MUCH TO APOLLO'S DELIGHT.

THE BOY WAS NAMED **ASCLEPIUS** AND WAS EN-TRUSTED TO THE CENTAUR **CHIRON**, WHO TAUGHT HIM THE SKILLS OF HEALING.



ASCLEPIUS SOON BECAME WORLD-FAMOUS AS A HEALER AND WAS IN CONSTANT DEMAND.



THIS BLOOD FROM THE GORGON **MEDUSA**, WILL GIVE YOU THE POWER TO RAISE A MAN FROM THE DEAD.

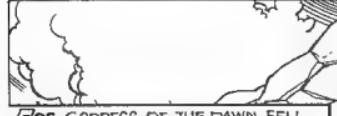


YOU HONOR ME, WISE ATHENA.

BUT I CAUTION YOU TO BE CAREFUL HOW YOU USE IT.

ONE DAY, ORION, THE SON OF POSEIDON AND EURALE, WAS HUNTING IN THE WOODS NEAR DELPHI.

WE'LL EAT WELL TONIGHT, SIRUS!



EOS, GODDESS OF THE DAWN, FELL IN LOVE WITH ORION, AND SEDUCED HIM NEAR APOLLO'S TEMPLE.



WHEN ORION FIRST MET ARTEMIS, A DISPUTE AROSE.

THE BOAR IS MINE, I SHOT IT FIRST.

BUT MY ARROW KILLED IT, MORTAL, AS IT WILL YOU, UNLESS YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!



BUT ORION WAS PERSISTANT, AND SOON ARTEMIS FELT HER ADMIRATION FOR THIS MORTAL TURNING TO LOVE.

I KILLED ALL THE WILD BEASTS OF THE ISLAND OF CHIOS AND I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I'VE RID THE WORLD OF ALL ITS MONSTROUS CREATURES.



FEARING HIS SISTER WOULD EVENTUALLY FALL PREY TO ORION'S CHARMES, (AND WISHING TO PUNISH ORION FOR DEFILING HIS ORACLE AT DELPHI) APOLLO REPEATED ORION'S BOASTS TO MOTHER EARTH... GAEA.



HEN ORION WAS ALONE,
GAEA SENT A SCORPION
TO ATTACK HIM.

WHAT MANNER
OF BEAST IS THIS?
MY SWORD BREAKS
AGAINST ITS BODY!

THE BEAST WON'T
BE ABLE TO FOLLOW
ME HERE, SO I'LL
SWIM TO THE
OPPOSITE SHORE.

THIS IS NO CHALLENGE,
BROTHER.

DO YOU SEE THAT BLACK
OBJECT BOBBING ABOUT IN
THE SEA THERE? IT IS THE HEAD
OF A VILLAIN NAMED CANDAON,
WHO HAS JUST SEDUCED ONE OF
YOUR PRIESTESSES.

I CHALLENGE
YOU TO HIT IT
WITH AN ARROW.



A POLLO FELT SO ASHAMED, HE CALLED IN HIS SON ASCLEPIUS TO REVIVE ORION WITH THE GORGON BLOOD GIVEN HIM BY ATHENA.



AFTER A LONG CHASE, THE HUNTSMAN ACTAEON PAUSED TO REFRESH HIMSELF, WHEN HE HEARD LAUGHTER.

PEERING AROUND A BOULDER, HE SAW ARTEMIS AND HER NYMPHS, WHO WERE ALSO RELAXING AFTER A HUNT.

MY COMRADES WILL BE GREATLY AMUSED TONIGHT WHEN THEY HEAR THAT ARTEMIS DISPLAYED HERSELF THUSLY IN MY PRESENCE!



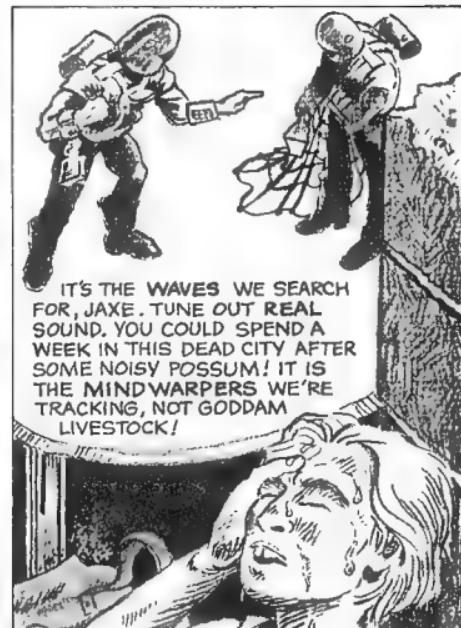
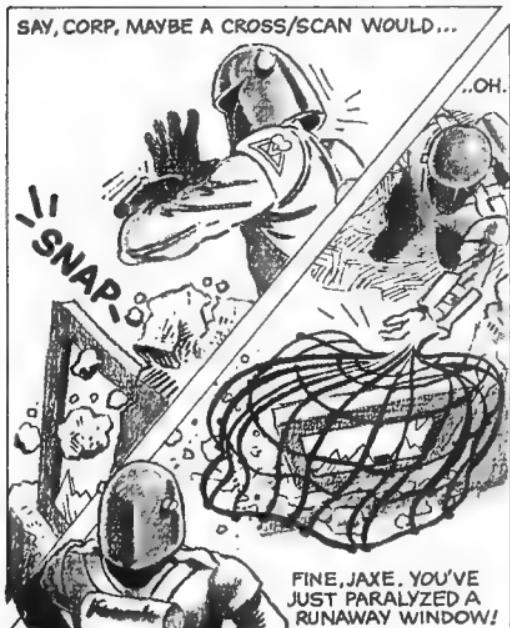
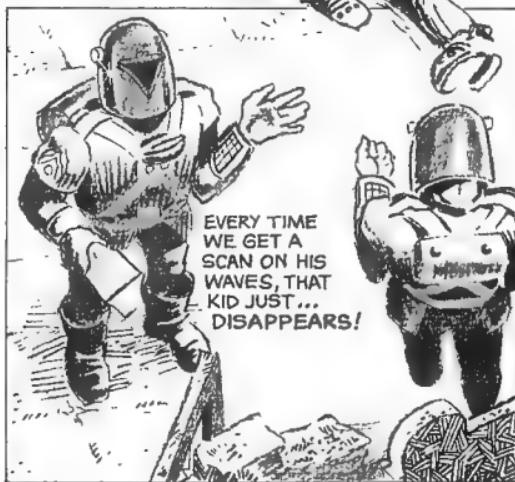
ACTAEON WAS IMMEDIATELY TRANSFORMED INTO A STAG.

I HEAR MY HUNTING DOGS. THEY'VE SCENTED GAME... THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY! OH NO!

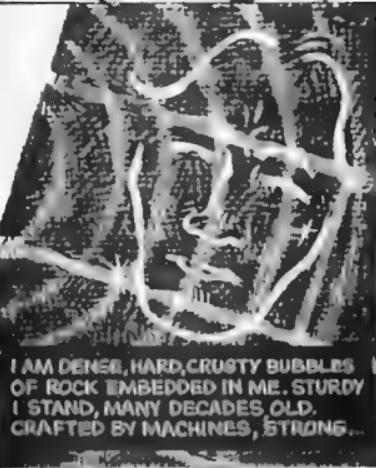
SUDDENLY, ACTAEON'S OWN HOUNDS WERE UPON HIM AND HE WAS TORN TO PIECES.

AND NOW THE HOUR IS LATE, AND THE OLD POET MUST HAVE HIS SLEEP.





CAN'T... RUN ANY MORE...
MUST WARP... AWAY... NOW.



I AM DENSE, HARD, CRUSTY BUBBLES
OF ROCK EMBEDDED IN ME. STURDY
I STAND, MANY DECADES OLD.
CRAFTED BY MACHINES, STRONG...



HEADTRIPS

© 1976
LEE MARRS



THEY'VE PUT ON MORE
STALKERS... EVERY WHERE

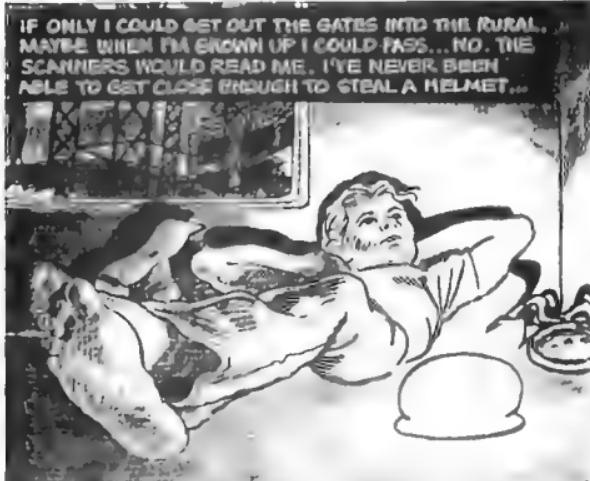




AFTER ALL THIS TIME, THIS
IS WHAT MAKES ME MOST
LONELY - EATING ALONE.



IF THE STALKERS DON'T GET ME,
THE CITY WILL. THEN ALL OF US
WILL BE GONE. ALL GONE...
THOUGH THE STALKERS SAY
THERE ARE OTHERS OF US.



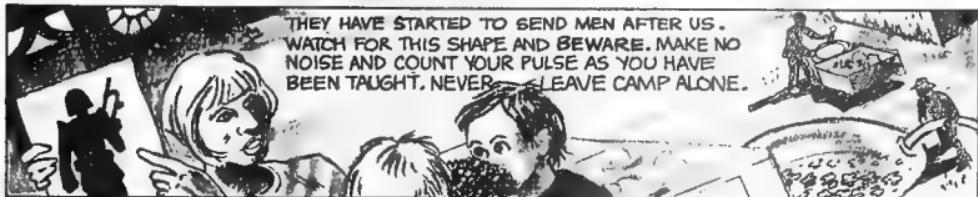
IF ONLY I COULD GET OUT THE GATES INTO THE RURAL.
MAYBE WHEN I'M GROWN UP I COULD PASS... NO. THE
SCANNERS WOULD READ ME. I'VE NEVER BEEN
ABLE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO STEAL A HELMET...

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE STALKERS,
I'D GO CRAZY. THEY'RE ALMOST
COMPANY, OF SORTS. BUT... IT
WAS SO GOOD BEFORE -SO
GOOD WITH ALL THE OTHERS...

WE ARE DIFFERENT, ZAC. SOME OF US
CAN DO THINGS MOST PEOPLE CANNOT.



THEY HAVE STARTED TO SEND MEN AFTER US.
WATCH FOR THIS SHAPE AND BEWARE. MAKE NO
NOISE AND COUNT YOUR PULSE AS YOU HAVE
BEEN TAUGHT. NEVER LEAVE CAMP ALONE.



WE STAYED AS THE CITY DIED. WE
SOMETIMES KNEW WHEN THE
TREMORS WOULD HIT. WE
TRYED TO TELL THEM, BUT
IN THEIR GRIEF AND FEAR
THEY TURNED ON US: WE
WERE FIRST SET APART;
THEN, LATER, JAILED.
HOWEVER, THE
DANGER MADE
US STRONG
AND...

WE ESCAPED
AND HID OUT!

YES, ZAC. AND
THEY LEFT THE
CITIES TO US.
NOW TO BED.

IT IS TIME FOR
ZAC. HIS AURA
FLARES TWICE
A DAY... OR
MORE.

WE'LL BEGIN
IMPRINTING
SOON.



WEEKS LATER

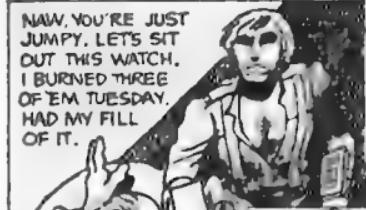
O.K. ZAC, NOW
JUST RELAX, BREATHE
IN THE SECOND RHYTHM
AND FOCUS ON THE
CHAIR. PUSH
INTO THE
CHAIR...
RELAX...



OH, FINE! FINE, DEAR.
NOW PUSH BACK TO
YOUR OWN IMAGE...
QUICKLY! LATER, YOU
CAN BUILD UP TIME.









MY FAMILY WERE FULL-RANGE WARPERS, BUT MY BROTHER COULD ONLY ALTER MATTER. AND I COULDN'T SEEM TO DEVELOP ANY GIFT AT ALL. MAYBE IF MY PARENTS HAD LIVED LONGER... BUT THEY WERE CAUGHT. JED COULD STILL PROTECT US - HE'D

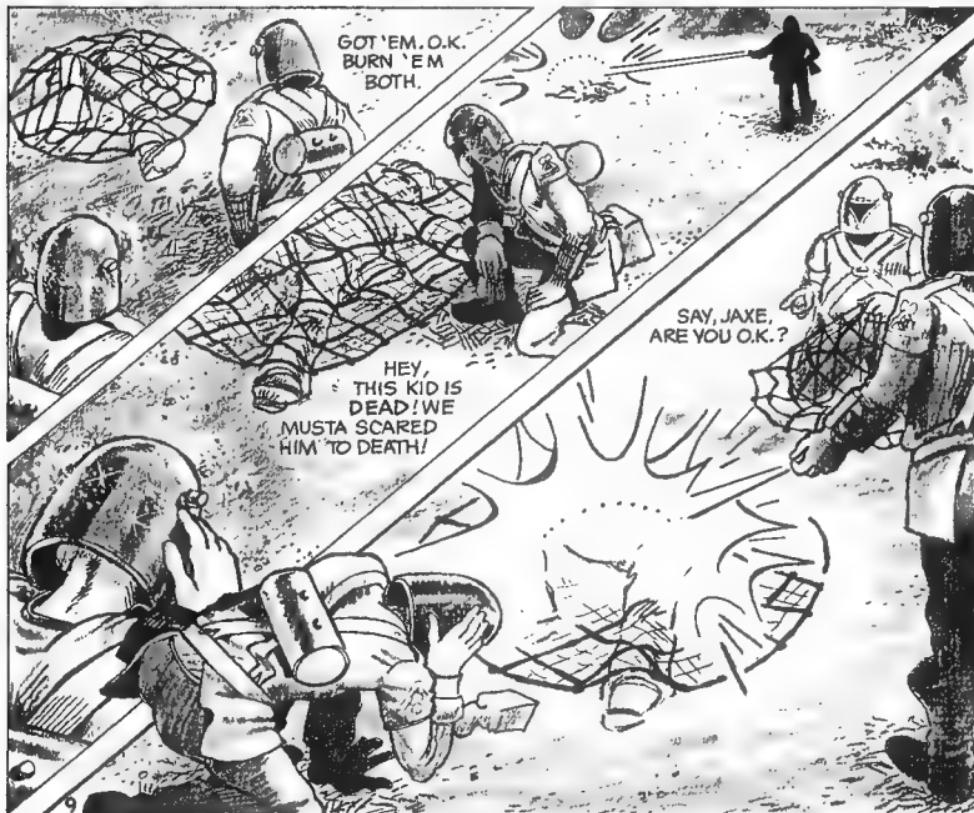
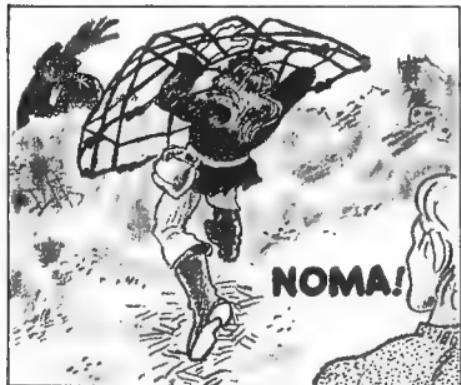
JAM THEIR NETS. THEN JED GOT AN INFECTED LEG FROM A SHARP TILE. HE WENT INTO A COMA BEFORE HE COULD HEAL HIMSELF.





I BURST SO FAST, IT'S ALL GONE IN
A FLASH... SADNESS... I ...





JAXE, YOU LOOK BUM.



WIA
UM...NOMA...



I'M HERE!

INSIDE!

JAXE, YOU LOOK ROTTEN. SAY, WE DON'T LIKE THIS ANYMORE THAN YOU DO! KILLIN' KIDS ISN'T OUR IDEA OF BATTLE.

I'M INSIDE ANOTHER PERSON! A STALKER! WHERE IS HIS MIND? OH, I FEEL ONLY ME - HERE. I... KILLED HIM. HIS SELF... NOMA?



HELL, JAXE,
MY FIRST TOUR
HERE I MUSTA
VOMITED TWICE
A DAY. DONT YA
WORRY. WELL
CUT SHORT THE
WATCH AND PUT
YOU THROUGH
THE EAST GATE.

NOMA IS GONE. OTHERS GONE. ALONE
AGAIN. IN THIS BODY...THIS DEAD CITY.
NOMA... BURNED. ALL IS DEAD HERE...



YOU'LL BE O.K.
AFTER A LIL'
R. AND R.!
GET YOURSELF
TOGETHER.

UH...ER...YES.
I HAVE...TO...
GET MYSELF...
TOGETHER.

TOGETHER. I'VE GOT TO THINK! GOING OUT
WITH THEM, I.. WAIT! OUTSIDE! I'M GETTING
OUT! NO MORE RUNNING, FEAR.. AT LAST...



HEY, RAHM,
YA COMIN'
ON?

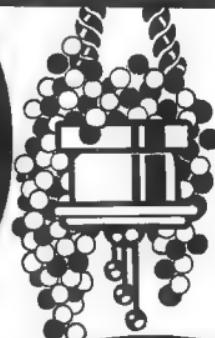


OUT THE GATE. AT LAST... IF I'M GOING OUT,
MAYBE OTHER WARPERS HAVE, TOO. TO FEEL
MINDTOUCH AGAIN... YES! OTHERS MUST
HAVE MADE IT... I'LL FIND THEM-OUT THERE.

NO SLEEP TONIGHT,
MY FEARS ARE
UP AND ABOUT.
NO. NO. NO...

THEY'RE COMING,
SOON THEY WILL
BE HERE...

Mr. FEARS



LIFE USED TO BE
SO GOOD, ALL
MY DREAMS WERE
COMING TRUE...

WHAT ABOUT NOW?
WELL, THOSE DREAMS
HAVE BECOME
MY NIGHTMARES...

NO SLEEP TONIGHT,
MY FEARS ARE
UP AND ABOUT.
NO...NO...NO...

THEY'RE CLOSER,
SOON THEY WILL
BE HERE...

I'VE LOST LOVE
AND FOUND HATE.
I WAS ONCE SO STRONG.
I WAS KING OF MY WORLD,
BUT NOW, TONIGHT
I AM SLAVE OF A KING.

PERHAPS, THIS
IS WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO GO MAD...

I NO LONGER BELIEVE
IN THE POSITIVE THINGS
IN LIFE.
ONLY THE NEGATIVE THINGS,
ONLY MY FEARS.

NO SLEEP TONIGHT,
MY FEARS ARE
UP AND ABOUT.
NO...NO...NO...

THEY'RE
HERE

I DON'T KNOW THEIR NAMES,
BUT I DO KNOW WHERE
THEY COME FROM...

THEY'RE MY FEARS, UNDERSTAND?

YOU SEE, MY FEARS ARE REAL.
IT MAKES NO SENSE.
I KNOW THAT...



AND PERHAPS,
THIS IS WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO GO
MAD:



TO BELIEVE IN ONE'S FEARS...

END

Oepp Bonivent



THE END.



DOUG!
MY
GAWD!
IS IT
RILLY
YEW?

MORE
OR LESS,
ZODI!
MAY I
COME
IN?

I'VE GIVEN UP THE
GREEK ISLAND, AND
THE MARMOSET--
JUST AS YOU'VE
ALWAYS WISHED!
I'VE COME--HOME!

FUR--
FUR
ME,
DOUG?



HE ALSO WANTED AN INNER PIECE,
BUT THAT'S THE SAME OLD STORY!

THAT'S BEHIND ME NOW, ZODI!
YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG!



"I HAD NOT SEEN don DEGENERATO FOR SEVERAL MONTHS. IT WAS THE WINTER OF 1976-77. I HAD THE CERTAINTY THAT HE WAS WITH don PESCALITO IN CENTRAL MEXICO, SO I MADE PREPARATIONS TO DEPART.

"AT THE LAST MINUTE, HOWEVER, I WAS SEIZED WITH THE CONVICTION THAT HE WAS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. THEN, I THOUGHT OF ATLANTIC CITY. THEN, A FREIGHTER FIVE HUNDRED LEAGUES OUT TO SEA. I REALIZED I SHOULD STASH MY STASH AND GIVE HIM A CALL."

"I CAUGHT UP TO HIM ON THE EVENING SHE ARRIVED!"

"WELCOME, don PESCALITO! PAY NO heed TO MY WANDERING APPRENTICE!"

"IS THIS YOUR APPRENTICE?"

"SHE IS, don DEGENERATO! MEET..."

-- PEYOTE ST. JEAN!

IT SEEMS TO ME HE WOULD DO THAT AND MORE, DESPITE HIS GREAT AGE, don PESCALITO!

"ALL YOU HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT HIM IS TRUE!"

"ALL I HAVE TOLD YOU IS WHAT I HAVE TOLD YOU, PEYOTITA; THE DOUBLE ENTENDRES OF A MAN WHO SPEAKS NO FRENCH!"

"BELIEVE NOTHING -- AND EVERYTHING -- UNTIL YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF!"

PEYOTITS, MY FRIEND HAS BROUGHT YOU TO ME FOR THE FINAL RITUAL -- THE SORCERER'S INSURRECTION!

OBSERVE, CLOSELY, THIS RING!"

ONCE, IT BELONGED TO DR. DOUGLAS DEDROOD, KNOWN TO EUROPE AS THE MONGOOSE! IT WAS HIS POWER SOURCE IN CONTROLLING A MIGHTY ALLY!

- AND SHOULD YOU PASS WHAT WE PLAN FOR YOU THIS EVENING --

-- WITHOUT PASSING WATER OR OUT --

"YOU, YOUNG LADY, HAVE PASSED A RIGOROUS APPRENTICESHIP WITH MY FRIEND -

-- YOU WILL BECOME A FULL SORCESS, YOURSELF!"



"SOME YEARS AGO, DON DEGENERATO AND I WENT TO THE MOUNTAINS, SEEKING AN ALLY! I BATTLED A MAMMOTH MOSQUITO, BUT SAW NO ALLY, AND CAME BACK MYSTIFIED!"



"DON DEGENERATO AND DON PESCALITO STOOD TO ONE SIDE! THEY LOOKED LIKE TWO IGUANAS, BASKING IN THE MOONLIGHT! NEITHER SPOKE, THOUGH DON PESCALITO SMOKED MIGHTILY!"



"DEDROP AND PEYOTE STOOD STARING, DEEP INTO THE DEPTHS BEHIND THE EYES! MY OWN HEAD GREW DIZZY! THEY NEVER BLINKED!"



"DON PESCALITO KNELT TO REFILL HIS PIPE, AND FINALLY SPOKE TO ME!"

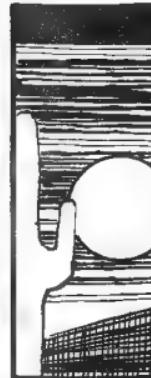
"HERE, CABRÓN! THIS IS MY SPECIAL BLEND!"



THE UNIVERSAL HERB WILL OPEN THE GATES TO THE SORCERER'S WORLD! THERE DWELLS THE ALY, AND THERE .



--ONE OF YOU WILL TAKE CONTROL!



"THE WORLD WITH- DREW--"



--AND A NEW ONE GREW, WHERE EVERYTHING WAS DIFFERENT BUT FAMILIAR! THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I COULD SEE IT!



"I TOOK A SECOND TOKE!"

THE BATTLE BEGINS!

"THE DARK MAN IN THE DISTANCE
MURMURED!"



YOUR DEFENSES FALL LIKE
BLOSSOMS IN SCORPIO, PEYOTE!
YOU SHOULD HAVE GIVEN WAY
TO THE MAGICAL CHILD OF
DE DROOD!



I TAKE CONTROL OF YOU,
ALLY--AND I SAY
DESTROY
THIS WENCH!



"I CANNOT DESCRIBE
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT!"



DEATH COMES--BUT
WHAT DID DON
PESCALITO TEACH ME?



DEATH IS AN
ADVISOR--FOR,
KNOWING HE
COMES, THERE
CAN BE NO MORE
BULLSHIT!



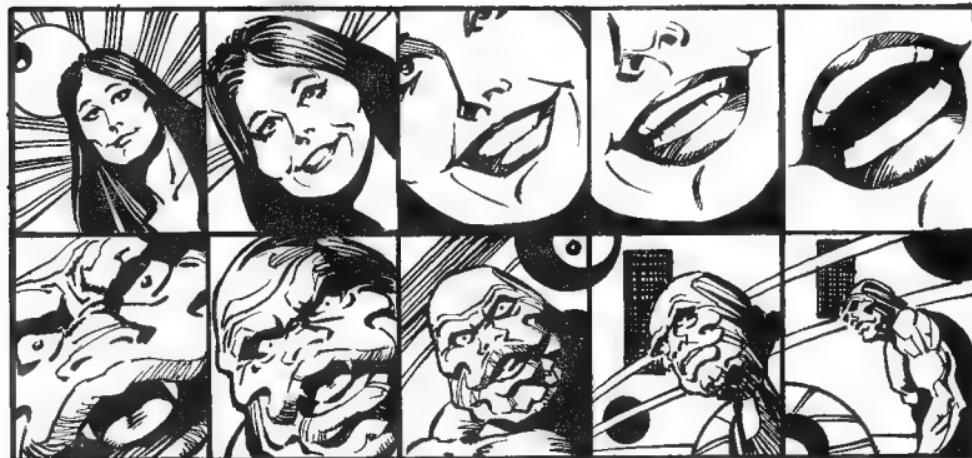
DEATH HIMSELF
KNOWS HOW TO
ESCAPE...

GREAT
SPIRIT!



DEATH IS DON PESCALITO!





AND IF
I AM?

"SUDDENLY, DEXTER DROPPED BACK, AS THE FULL
IMPORT OF HIS WORDS STRUCK HOME!"

"HATE SWEPT HIS
FEATURES! THEN—FEAR?"

NRRARGHH!

BY THE POWER
OF MY FATHER,
GET THEE HENCE!

PERHAPS, DEDROOD,
I MAY OFFER YOU
SOME ADVICE!

FUCK OFF!

DEDROOD STANDS ALONE AGAINST
ALL! NEITHER GODS NOR MEN
DO WE NEED!

NEITHER DEMONS NOR
DEATH CAN CLAIM US!

WHEN I WISH TO
SPEAK WITH YOU,
DEXTER--

3

--DEATH
SAID--

-I WILL NOT
BE DENIED!

8



"I STUMBLLED FORWARD, HOLDING OUT MY SHIRT! PEYOTE TOOK IT CALMLY, WITHOUT REAL NOTICE!"



THANK YOU, DON DEGENERATO--BUT I NO LONGER NEED IT! IN LEARNING THE SORCERER'S INSURRECTION, I HAVE LEARNED THE TRUE VALUE OF MATERIAL THINGS!



I SHALL GIVE IT TO DEXTER! HE CANNOT USE IT FOR ME NOW!



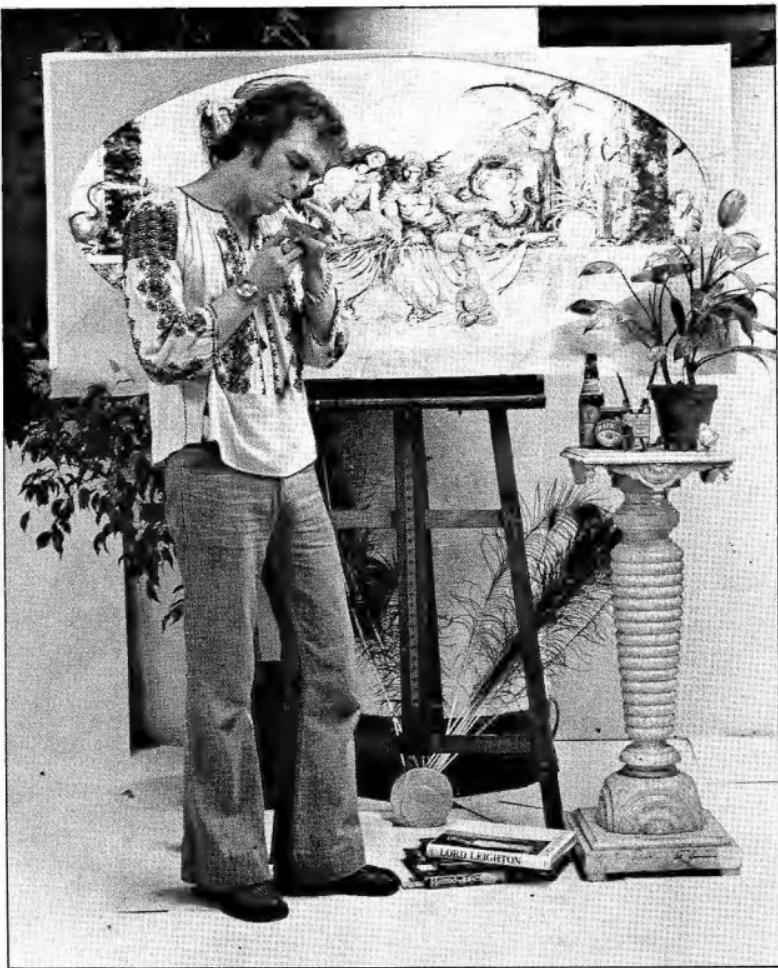
"I GATHERED DEXTER, DROPPED TOGETHER, AND LED HIM TOWARD THE MAIN HIGHWAY WHERE HE COULD FIND HELP. I WAS WISHING I COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT I'D JUST SEEN--"



NOW, MY DEAR, YOU ARE ONE OF US-- AND WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR WHAT YOUR FIRST PRIVILEGE WILL BE!







T here is no such thing as a *perfectionist*. One who is branded so doesn't secretly enjoy the epithet or feel proud of this misnomer of a title. I think the fact is that if one is the type to acquire the label genuinely, then that type is, to be correct, simply a man without self-deception.

What you see on the cover, (a coloured photo) is a detail of the latest rough for my picture *Artemis and Apollo*. I have done five such roughs since May of last year, thinking each time that I had begun the finished article. I hope to start and complete the publishable one this year, 1977. Please watch for it, it should be a good one; you'll know it by the name.

THE GORBLIMEY PRESS
Box 92, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010, U.S.A.



©1977 G.P.